

We're Bleeding

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Summary: It's a wretched cycle, disgusting, born of co-dependence and a long, exhausting history. IwaOi Angst.

We're Bleeding

Oikawa Tooru is reckless. Iwaizumi knows this as well as he knows everything else about the boy.

_(A scar on his knee.)___

_(('You don't run in front a car for a stupid ball, idiot!'))___

There's just something dangerous lurking inside the infinitely charismatic pretty boy - a jagged piece of glass, a precariously teetering weight. Iwaizumi knows that Oikawa does stupid things for stupid reasons, will press a knife against an arm until the skin peels back and red wells up. Just for fun. Just to see, because _'Iwa-chan, don't you want to know how deep we can cut before we bleed?'_.

_(A red hand print on his neck, one that had faded away quickly but remains imprinted in Iwaizumi's mind.)___

(('Just a scuffle. Was careless, that's all.'))

Oikawa will play with fire, eyes as bright and excited as a child who doesn't know any better. Only he does, but that never stops him from swiping a hand through the flames, not quite slow enough for the heat to hurt, but certainly slow enough to feel it. And all the while, there will be a dark temptation tickling at the back of his mind, wondering what would happen if his hand isn't fast enough, if he allowed it to stay and tint pink - or maybe an even darker color.

_(A slightly bent toe.)____

(('Soccer? Fuck - just stick with volleyball, moron!'))

And even though Oikawa isn't a genius or anything like that, he's smart, has sharp judgment and hard-earned knowledge stored in his head. Iwaizumi has learned pretty early on, however, to never hope for him to actually use those things when he should, to stop expecting him to actually judge his own limits and stop for his own sake. And to be honest, it's almost like Oikawa doesn't want to. He throws common sense into the trash as easily as he discards chocolates and love letters, only pulling it out when it's convenient.

_(A twisted ankle.)____

(('I thought that I got it right - I almost did, Hajime, almost.'))

Iwaizumi would like to believe that he keeps Oikawa in line, what with how he continuously and tirelessly tows the popular teen away from his fans. But he's useless, really, always paralyzed and unable to move his feet, afraid that the slightest movement will make that tiny distance between Oikawa and the cliff he's looking down at disappear.

_(A bleeding nose, and his own throbbing forehead.)____

(('Do you care at all? Why won't you just stop it?!'))

And maybe it's because Iwaizumi has been with Oikawa for too long, or he's just never noticed, but he is every bit as rash and impulsive as the teen he scolds on a daily basis. They're inside of him too, that piece of glass - a part of the whole Oikawa's came from - and that same weight pulling him over the edge. They're all bad signs, hinting at something ugly that Iwaizumi wishes he could ignore. Because perhaps, just perhaps, what keeps him standing a few meters back and staring as Oikawa destroys himself isn't just fear. Perhaps he's just as curious as Oikawa is, for a different reason. Perhaps he wonders, as Oikawa handles knives and fire, how long it would take before Oikawa finally can't handle it anymore and goes overboard. How long it would take before he comes running to Iwaizumi - how long it would take before Iwaizumi has to bend down and pick up the intriguing but broken puzzle that is Oikawa Tooru.

It's a wretched cycle, disgusting, born of co-dependence and a long, exhausting history. And Iwaizumi knows that he could just stop caring and leave Oikawa, who would definitely fold in on himself without support, to destruction. There was nothing holding him in place, nothing stopping him from moving on without Oikawa. Nothing at all.

But of course, that isn't possible, is it? Because, though Iwaizumi dare not admit it, there is something keeping him where he is. Something reckless, dangerous, and irritatingly charming.

_(A broken pride, confidence, faith, courage - them.)____

_(('Will you leave, Iwa-chan?'____

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_ '... I haven't yet; have I, dumbass?.' ) _
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